DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXI., No. 21. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1886. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

BORNEO AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

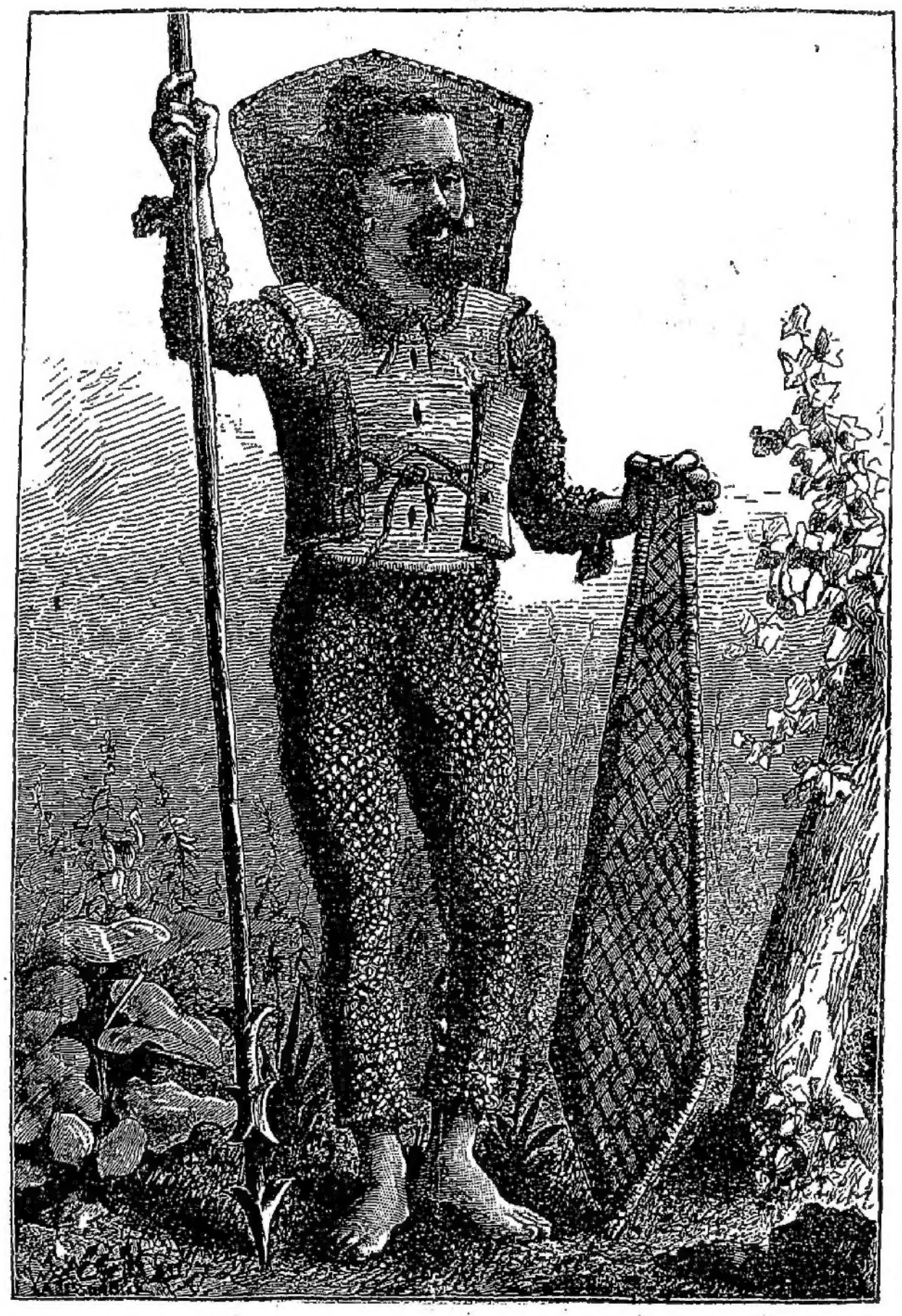
This great island—the largest in the world with the exception of Australia and Papua, or New Guinea—belongs by its location to the Indian Archipelago, lying between the China Sea on the north and the Sea of Java on the south, while the Sea of Celebes and the Straits of Macassar form the eastern boundary and the Gulf of Siam that of the west.

Borneo is about 800 miles long and 700 broad, and contains an area of something more than 300,000 square miles, a large proportion of which is rich in either vegetable or mineral products. The shores of the island are low and marshy, and in many parts are rendered dangerous for navigation by the frequent recurrence of rocky inlets. They are, however, thickly studded with fishing hamlets, the homes of hardy Malay pirates and fishermen, who busily ply their dangerous vocations and sing their merry boat-songs, unmindful alike of fatigue and danger. There are little settlements of Chinese also along the coasts, who, with their tidy shops and thrifty ways, make so pleasant a feature in the picture; and the less attractive Bugis people, whose filthy boats form their only homes, where people live and die, the infant is born, and the maiden is given in marriage.

In the interior, from northeast to southwest run nearly parallel two lofty ranges of mountains, between which are well-watered valleys and fertile plains. The Dyaks, the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, reside here, till the soil, dig in the mines, manufacture small arms, hunt, fish, and collect the valuable teak, camphor, and sandal woods for commerce. The houses are built on piles over the water. As the dwellings are nearly always on the shores of the rivers or lakes, liable to be overflowed, they must take the precaution of either raising their houses on posts or building them on rafts.

The dwellings have but one floor, with cane partitions, and the roofs are covered with palmetto leaves, stitched together and laid on like tiles or shingles, the eaves reaching to within four or five feet of the bottom.

These houses are furnished with great simplicity—only mats to serve as beds, with a quantity of triangular pillows with embroidered ends, and perhaps a simple netting or canopy of some sort to keep away the swarms of mosquitoes that fill the whole atmosphere as soon as it is dark, and would render sleep an absolute impossibility without some means of defence.



WAR COSTUME. BORNEO.

The images in the vicinity of the dwellings show the idols worshipped by the Dyaks; and they have thus far shown little inclination to renounce their idolatry or to conform to the customs of civilized life. In habits the Dyaks are industrious and enterprising, and in disposition courteous to their friends but cruel and revengeful to enemies. In person they are rather short, with reddish brown complexion, dark eyes, and straight hair. The women, being less exposed to the sun are fairer than the men, and have smooth, clear complexions. They are fond of their children, but prefer out-of-doors diversions to the womanly avocations of weaving and sewing, and take little heed to household duties beyond the preparation of their simple meals of rice and curry, stewed fish, and the abundant fruits of their fertile island.

Among the products of the forests are guttapercha, resins, gums, camphor, and rattans, which large numbers of the men busy themselves in collecting and preparing for the market to be shipped to foreign ports. The mines yield diamonds, gold, antimony, coal, iron, nickel, sulphur, porcelain clay, petroleum, and many precious stones; and the Dyak men nearly all understand mining, smelting, and the manufacture of small arms. Their apparatus for smelting is said to be very simple. But they manufacture excellent small arms of considerable variety, as well as strong and durable armor, made sometimes of metal for the officers and of alligator skin for common soldiers.

The Dutch have held some general control over a portion of the island since 1643, when they concluded a treaty of commerce with the princes of Banjermassin and erected their first fort and factory at Pontianak, followed since by others. At Sarawak the English have several times within the last quarter of a century succeeded

in so establishing their authority as to keep in check the piracies of the ferocious Dyaks, at least to some extent. The Malays on the coasts are a race of pirates, very crafty, cunning, and cruel, their "hand against every man, and every man's hand" of necessity turned against their acts of cruelty and violence. Yet the Malay has his virtues as well as his vices. He is cheerful, active in providing for his family, strongly attached to those from whom he receives kindness, and in a measure conscientious in observing and fulfilling his contracts. On the other hand, he is passionate in revenging injury or insult and utterly reckless of consequences when once aroused. In their conflicts with each other they use a long spear which they throw with great agility, and in hand-to-hand fights a sort of short sword called a *kris*. They have a common adage that they are fond of quoting, *i. e.*, "All the love in a man's nature flows out upon the strings of his tambour or lute, and all the hate at the point of his *kris*."

There are a number of petty principalities among the Dyaks of the interior, each governed by its own chief, but the kingdom and town of Borneo, from which the whole island was originally named, has the supremacy in wealth and power. It is situated in the north west, and is ruled over by the Sultan, who lives in great splendor and has absolute control over his subjects. Many of the surrounding potentates pay tribute to the Sultan, and he may levy on them for provisions and troops in time of war.

Pontianak is the capital of the kingdom of the same name on the western coast. It is situated near the junction of the Landak and Kapuas, which thence to the sea is known as the Pontianak. The town is built on both sides of the river, and contains, besides the palace of the Dutch Resident, a Mohammedan mosque, a Government hospital and one of the palaces of the Sultan, which he occupies on his visits to the Residency. The mining district of Montrado, that of Landak, once so famous for its diamonds, whence was obtained the famed diamond of the Sultan of Mantan, weighing 369 carats, with many valuable mines of tin, iron, platina, and gold, are now controlled by the Netherlands Resident at Pontianak, with the payment of an annual tribute to the Sultan.

The annual product of the gold mines in this Residency, is estimated at not less than 425,000 ounces. On the east coast excellent coal is found, and is delivered by the Sultan of Kutai to the Dutch navy, according to contract at $5 per ton. Thus rich in God's good gifts, this favored land is ever in turmoil and rebellion from man's unrighteousness. Nearly always at war with each other, with no law but their own evil dispositions, her people live amid violence and bloodshed, without God and without hope for this world or the next. Let us pray that for that beautiful land the Sun of Righteousness may speedily arise with healing in his wings.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

MISSION SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

In some queer places, the conductor of mission Sunday-schools are compelled to hold their first sessions; but most of them manage to secure a house of some kind, or at least a room, in which to meet. That was more than Mr. J. Barclay, of Atlanta, Georgia, could secure, when he undertook recently, under the auspices of the First Methodist Church, to start a mission-school in a destitute part of that city. Every landlord to whom he applied refused to rent his premises for mission purposes. He gave up his search in despair, and started for home, but stopped on his way at the railway depot to rest. Happening to mention his lack of success to one of the railway officials, that gentleman offered to Mr. Barclay the use of a passenger-car as a place in which to hold his school. The offer was gladly accepted, and in time for the next Sunday a car was accordingly pulled out of the depot, and halted on the track near the district from which the school was to draw its scholars. By personal searching of the alleys, seven children were induced to come in and "try it for one Sunday." The next Sunday there were fourteen in attendance, and the number had grown by the following Sunday to fifty-eight, making an assured success of perhaps the first Sunday-school on wheels in history. Ragged, destitute mothers, who had yet the tenderest interest in their children's welfare, came with tears in their eyes, to thank the conductor of the school for the work he was doing for their boys and girls. So the effort prospered, until, writes the Tennessee correspondent who furnishes the above details, "the school has now a house, is doing a good work, and is gaining greatly in numbers."

MISSIONARY BOXES.

This picture from the Indian Territory, taken from the *Christian Union*, shows the value of teaching, and gives a hint to the senders of missionary boxes:

"Hori-gor-rie's daughter, Sor-tee-kee-tee and the second chief's daughter, and Swa-da-ka-re-ma—which means "I have seen the Spirit"—and one other, and Rachel, are regular attendants at the school, and are sewing on the quilts. They like dress-stuffs, and undergarments, and handkerchiefs to hem, and towels and skirts, and things they can make quickly. They sew well and rapidly, and apply themselves closely. The second chief's daughter is one of the prettiest creatures I ever saw. Her father is very careful of her. It is wonderful how they love their children, and yet, in spite of tears and entreaties, will sell them for ponies, blankets, and trash. These Indians seem to have little gratitude, and have no sense of honor or moral obligation. The romance of this work would have vanished if I had ever had any. They are simply human nature in the natural state.

"Please ask the ladies not to send clothing made up, but cut and basted, ready to make up, and thread, thimbles, etc. The women were more interested when we began making the cut-and-basted garments. The sewing-school varies in attendance, and is small in planting time and in harvest."

BE A TEACHER.

If you are a Bible-class teacher don't be a lecturer. Don't be a preacher. Don't be an exhorter. Don't be a declaimer. Be a teacher. A teacher gets work out of his scholars—gets questions, gets answers, gets hints, gets a good chance to keep his own mouth shut a good part of the time, and the mouths of his scholars open and their brains busy and their hearts excited. Teach! Teach!

MY CLASS.

It is simply called the "infant class"
In a country Sabbath-school;
Yet I felt the Master's presence to-day
As I taught the "golden rule."

My little ones are tiny and weak,
And some cannot understand
When I talk to them of Jesus
And the home in the heavenly land.

Each day as I kneel in secret prayer
For strength to do my part,
I find they are twining more and more
Around my inmost heart.

To-day I taught a little hymn,
And it made my heart rejoice
As I thought how the Master's listening ear
Heard each trembling childish voice.

"There is something for even the children to do:"
They sang it o'er and o'er,
And a soft, sweet echo was wafted back
As the last one passed the door.

"You have the easiest class in school,"
Was told me by a friend.
Is it easy to train the little ones
For the life that has no end?

Is it easy to make God's Word so plain
That the youngest may understand?
Is it easy to make the story clear
How He clasps each tiny hand?

'Tis not easy, it is hard work,
Training infant minds for heaven;
But in all our work for Jesus
His own strength to us is given.

With my Master close beside me
Easy work I do not crave,
For He will show me how to teach
My "infant class," that Christ will save.
—*Sallie C. Day, in Presbyterian Journal.*

THE PAPER AND THE MAGAZINE which all in your household have read should be passed from hand to hand, not left to cumber your own shelves or light the kitchen fire. The interesting book should be lent. And something should be done to give the working girl brighter evenings and a wider outlook, and a higher ideal of deportment, especially with regard to social intercourse with boys and young men.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE PASTOR spends many hours every week preparing to expound one verse of Scripture. Should not the teacher spend at least one hour in preparation to teach a dozen verses or more? The study of the lesson cannot be done in a hurried half hour before school, nor on the way there nor in the presence of the class.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 17.

JESUS DELIVERED TO BE CRUCIFIED.—John 19: 1-16.

COMMIT VERSES 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then delivered he Him therefore unto them to be crucified.—John 19: 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus condemned contrary to justice and to conscience.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 19: 1-16.
T. Matt. 27: 19-31.
W. Mark 15: 11-20.
Th. John 10: 23-39.
F. Ps. 2: 1-12.
Sa. *Matt. 10:* 16-39.
Su. Matt. 23: 25-39.

TIME.—6 to 8 o'clock Friday *morning*, April 7, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—*Pilate's* palace in Jerusalem.

PARALLEL HISTORY.—With vs. 1-3, Matt. 27: 26-30; Mark 15: 15-19.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(1) PILATE WARNED BY HIS WIFE'S DREAM (Matt. 27: 19). Pilate's palace early Friday morning, while the people were deciding to choose Barabbas. (2) THE END OF JUDAS (Matt. 27: 3-10; Acts 1: 18, 19.) As soon as Judas saw that Jesus was really condemned to death, and made no resistance, he was struck with remorse, and committed suicide. (3) PILATE ORDERS JESUS TO BE SCOURGED (*v. 1*; Matt. 27: 26; Mark 15: 15). Court of Pilate's palace, 6 to 7 o'clock a.m. (4) MOCKERY BY THE SOLDIERS (vs. 2, 3; Matt 27: 27-30; Mark 15: 16-19). 2. A PURPLE ROBE: one of the soldier's red cloaks. Matthew says they put a reed into His hands, and Mark that they spat upon Him. (5) PILATE MAKES ANOTHER EFFORT TO RELEASE JESUS (vs. 4-7). Outside the palace. His object was to appeal to the pity of the multitude. 7. WE HAVE A LAW (Lev. 24: 16): blasphemy was to be punished by death by stoning. (6) PILATE CONFERS WITH JESUS (vs. 8-12). Within the palace. 11. FROM ABOVE: from God. Governments are ordained of God. THE GREATER SIN: Caiaphas and the Jewish leaders sinned against greater light, filled an office more especially ordained of God, and were trying to persuade Pilate to disregard the duties of his office. (7) THE JEWS ACCOMPLISH THEIR PURPOSE (vs. 12-16). 13. GABBATHA: i.e., a hill. It was a tesselated pavement on rising ground, outside the palace. 14. PREPARATION: for the Sabbath, the great day of the feast. SIXTH HOUR: six o'clock. Roman notation, like ours, as always in John. This was when Pilate's proceeding began. (8) END OF THE MURDERERS. Judas hung himself; Caiaphas was deposed the next year; Pilate was soon deposed, and committed suicide; 40 years after the crucifixion, Jerusalem was destroyed, and many of these very Jews or their children were crucified by the Romans.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The mockery.—Why Pilate hesitated to do justice.—The influences that would lead him to do right.—The end of Judas.—Why Pilate was afraid.—Pilate's power given from above.—The greater sin.—What induced Pilate to yield at last.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In what books of the Bible is our lesson to-day recorded? Give the state of things at the close of our last lesson. When and where did the events of this lesson take place?

SUBJECT: THE UNJUST DECISION.

I. BY THE SOLDIERS MOCKING CHRIST (vs. 1-3).—How did the soldiers treat Jesus? What was their object? Why was it mean as well as wicked?

II. BY THE JEWS (vs. 4-7).—Where did Pilate bring Jesus? What was his object? What did he say to the Jews? What was their reply? What law of theirs did they charge Him with breaking? Would He have been guilty if He were not divine?

III. INFLUENCES TO LEAD PILATE TO A RIGHT DECISION (vs. 8-12).—How did Pilate's wife try to influence him? (Matt. 27: 19.) How did the claim of Jesus to be the Son of God affect him? (v. 8.) Must Pilate have known something of Jesus' miracles? What did Pilate say to Jesus? (v. 9.) From whom did Pilate receive his power? Who were greater sinners than even he? Why? How did this saying influence Pilate to release Jesus?

IV. BY PILATE (vs. 12-16).—What was the last argument used by the Jews? Why was this effectual? Where was the final decision rendered? At what time had these things taken place? How did Pilate try to remove from himself all blame for his decision? (Matt. 27: 24-25.) In what ways do people now try to throw the blame of their sins on others? What was the final decision? Was Pilate greatly to blame? Are we always to blame if we reject Christ?

V. A GLANCE FORWARD.—What became of Judas? (Matt. 27: 3, 10; Acts 1: 18, 19.) What became of Caiaphas? What calamities soon came upon the Jews? What might they have been had they accepted their king? What will be the results to us whether we reject or accept Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Vain are our efforts to escape a decision as to what we do will do with Jesus.

II. Cowardly fear is the motive not of the Christian, but of those who dare not become Christians.

III. Those who tempt others to sin are worse than their victims.

IV. By rejecting Jesus as King, the Jews rejected their hope, and glory, and true kingdom.

V. Pilate, by his crime, lost the very things he sought to preserve by it (Matt. 16: 25).

VI. Men wash their hands from the blame of rejecting Christ by blaming others, or the faults of Christians, or temptations, or bad companions, but all in vain.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 24.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.—John 19: 17-30.

COMMIT VERSES 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is finished.—John 19: 30.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ crucified is the wisdom and power of God for the salvation of man.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 19: 17-30.
T. John 19: 31-42.
W. Matt. 27: 32-50.
Th. Mark 15: 22-39.
F. Luke 23: 33-48.
Sa. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31.
Su. Isa. 53: 1-12.

TIME.—Friday, April 7, A.D. 30, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

PLACE.—Calvary, (Golgotha), just outside the walls of Jerusalem on the north-west.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. 27: 32-50; Mark 15: 22-37; Luke 23: 33-46.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

(1) ON THE WAY TO THE CROSS (v. 17). AND HE BEARING HIS CROSS: each victim was accompanied by four soldiers. Jesus bore His cross as long as He could, and then Simon from Cyrene in Africa was compelled to help Him. A great multitude followed. GOLGOTHA: Hebrew for "skull." Calvary is from the Latin for skull. The place was a knoll in the shape of a skull. (2) THE CRUCIFIXION (vs. 18-22). Jesus was nailed to the cross so that His feet would be but a short distance from the ground. 20. HEBREW, etc.: the three chief languages there spoken. (3) THE FIRST OF THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS. "Father, forgive them" spoken while Jesus was being affixed to the cross (Luke 23: 34). (4) THE FOUR SOLDIERS DIVIDE THE GARMENTS OF JESUS AMONG THEMSELVES (vs. 23, 24). Soon after nine o'clock. 23. HIS COAT: a long tunic, or undergarment. 24. THE SCRIPTURE FULFILLED: Ps. 22: 18. (5) MOCKERIES AROUND THE CROSS (Matt. 27: 39-44). 9 to 12 o'clock. (6) CONVERSION OF THE PENITENT ROBBER (Luke 23: 39-43). Toward noon. (7) THE MOTHER OF JESUS AND OTHER WOMEN (vs. 25-27). Toward noon. (25) HIS MOTHER'S SISTER: Salome, the mother of John. CLEOPAS: rather Clopas, the same as Alphæus, the father of James the less. (8) DARKNESS OVER ALL THE LAND (Matt. 27: 45). From 12 to 3 o'clock. (9) THE CLOSING SCENES (vs. 28-30). About 3 o'clock. 28. ALL . . . ACCOMPLISHED: the same word as finished (v. 30). His whole work was done; all that the Scriptures had foretold; all necessary for redemption. SCRIPTURE: Ps. 69: 21. 29. VINEGAR: common sour wine for the soldiers to drink. (10) ACCOMPANYING SIGNS. Earthquake, veil of the temple rent, and graves opened.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Jesus in our last lesson? In what other Gospels are the scenes of to-day's lesson recorded? Have you read them?

SUBJECT: THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

I. THE CRUCIFIXION (vs. 17-19).—Where was Jesus crucified? What is its common name? Give some of the incidents that took place on the way. (Matt. 27: 32; Luke 23: 26-32.) Give an account of the method of crucifying. Why must Jesus die such a terrible death? At what hour was He crucified? (Mark 15: 25.) What title was placed over the cross? In how many languages? Why? Was this title a truth? Who were crucified with Jesus? Relate the story of the conversion of one of them. (Luke 23: 39-43.)

II. THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.—What did Jesus say while they were nailing Him to the cross? (Luke 23: 34.) What to the penitent robber? (Luke 23: 34.) What to His mother and John towards noon? (vs. 26, 27.) What was the fourth word, toward three o'clock? (Mark 15: 34.) What was the fifth word? (v. 28.) What was the sixth? (v. 30.) What was the seventh? (Luke 23: 46.) What lessons can you learn from these seven words?

III. THE WATCHERS AROUND THE CROSS (vs. 25-27).—What did the soldiers do near the cross? What Scripture was fulfilled by them? (Ps. 22: 18.) What did the crowd do? (Matt. 27: 39-44.) What friends were around the cross? How many are named? Why did these remain, while His disciples feared to approach? What touching scene took place in regard to His mother? What lessons does this teach us? Would you have been one that watched near the cross? How can you prove whether you would?

IV. THE CLOSING SCENES (vs. 28-30).—What took place at noon? (Matt. 27: 45.) At what hour did Jesus yield up His life? (Matt. 27: 46.) What were His last words? (v. 30; Luke 23: 46.) What was finished? What took place immediately after His death? (Matt. 27: 51-54.)

LESSONS FROM THE CROSS.

I. Calvary is the centre of the history of the world.

II. Even by those who have no interest in it, the Scripture is being fulfilled.

III. There is one death-bed repentance in the Bible, that all may hope; there is only one, to prevent presumption.

IV. The cost of our salvation should make us feel its worth, and take great pains to obtain it.

V. The atonement on the cross (1) shows God's hatred of sin. (2) It shows the terrible evil of sin. (3) It shows that we cannot enter heaven unless cleansed from our sin. (4) It shows the forgiving love of God. (5) It shows the value of our salvation.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A LADY PHYSICIAN RECOMMENDS OUT-DOOR EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

Parents, have you a pale, sickly, delicate daughter? Don't you know if you keep her confined in school and at her piano, taking only fancy work and novel reading as recreation, that if her white feet do not slip into the grave she is liable to become an invalid for life? She needs exercise, and that out-door; not in the shape of drudgery, but as recreation. Plan frequent country excursions; have out-door games in which you join, and, other things being equal, roses will supplant the lilies, and the child so dear to your heart will be fitted for life's purposes.

It is quite true that many diseases may be cured by persistent exercise. After a lecture given to the young ladies of a seminary in Kansas, in which the advantages of out-door exercise have been urged, the principal, the wife of an Episcopal clergyman, said: "I heartily endorse and emphasize what Dr. Stockham has been telling you. Fourteen years ago I was given up to die with tubercular consumption. My doctor told me he could only hope to palliate the symptoms, and that by means he feared I would be unwilling to adopt. I had three children dearer to me than my life. How could I be taken from them? I told him for their sakes I would do anything. He asked: 'Would you be willing to play ball?' This, indeed, was a bitter pill; but if I would be with my babes a few months longer, I certainly would do it. My husband and I began playing ball in the back yard, screened from the neighbors by a high board fence and trees. I could not bear the thought that I, a minister's wife, should be so undignified as to play ball. Little by little I gained strength, and in a few months without drugs I was a well woman. Three years afterward I asked my doctor if he were sure I had tubercles on my lungs. He said he had no doubt of it, as a careful microscopical examination had proved the diagnosis correct. I was cured by the very undignified exercise of ball-playing."

If so hopeless a case as the above can be restored to health, what degrees of strength and vigor our young ladies might obtain by resorting to the pleasures of out door recreation. Lawn tennis in the country, where there is plenty of room, is among the best of out-door pleasures. With pleasant companions, a dress free from all restrictions, this game is very exhilarating, and calls into action every muscle and organ of the body.

Tricycling for those who have affections precluding standing and walking, affords superior exercise. Its therapeutic value has been proven in many cases. A young lady of Chicago who had long been an invalid and pronounced by high authority incurable, recovered her health in a few months through riding the tricycle, using no other means.

Another young lady who had the use of but one limb with which to propel the wheel, derived great benefit from the out-door exercise on her favorite pony. She named her machine "Victor" and seems as proud of it as if it were a living creature. She had been confined to the house for months, but could soon ride miles upon her pony. The rapidity with which she gained strength was a surprise to all her friends.

More invalids would procure wheels if they knew that by this means they could drink of the elixir of life. The sick are made well, the weak strong, and those already well become robust and enduring. Tricycling must become a favorite exercise for women. Compared with the physician's bills it is inexpensive, and gives great independence of locomotion.—*Mrs. Stockham, M. D., in Minneapolis Housekeeper.*

THE WIFE'S COOKERY AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW'S.

The husband who has never said to his wife that he declared he should like to taste something once more that recalled his mother's cookery, either her squash pies, or her sliced-apple pies, or her suet puddings, or her doughnuts, or her seed-cakes, or her turkey-dressing, or her pig's-head cheese, or what not, is an exceedingly rare husband. Sometimes this other husband, who is not rare, and whose bowels yearn for the good things of his mother's old pantry, admits that the cookery of his wife is just as excellent; only, he adds, it is different; and the solicitude and anxiety, the effort and pain and disappointment, that he gives his wife in this struggle with his appetite are things not to be recounted. But the simple truth is that if one of his mother's pies were set before him at the very moment of his complaint, he, not informed of whence it came, would go on with his complaining, and never recognize the old friend of his open lunches and stolen feasts. It is as likely as not that his wife is a far superior cook to the cook his mother was; she has the increased knowledge and appliances of the more enlightened world, and hosts of new dishes and new flavors for her allies, together with a myriad new recipes, and all that Professor Blot and Miss Corson and Miss Parloa and the rest have done for her; and it is not to be supposed that she does not take as much pains to please the palates of her husband and children as her mother-in-law ever did in like case. The trouble lies in the fact that the man's senses are not the boy's senses; the palate that gave quick and keen answers to every new sensation is dulled by years and habit. But though you talked to him with the tongues of angels you would never convince him of that, or that the trouble lay in anything but the fact that his wife was brought up by somebody who was not his mother. This might be done, though, if his mother would superintend the cooking while his wife went on a long visit.—*Harper's Bazar.*

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

BY B. G. NORTHROP, LL. D.

Over three hundred of these associations have been organized within a few years, and the work is now advancing more rapidly than ever. It is usually the first step that costs, but that step once taken, others easily follow. The improvements of one town or city are often copied by its neighbors, and one successful example makes another, if not many others.

The question comes often to me, "How can we raise the needful funds for Village Improvement work?" I answer, first, Enlist the ladies. Many efficient associations have been started by them, and nearly all are officered in part by them. Their co-operation is always essential to secure the best results, for this is woman's sphere. I always anticipate success in any town where one or two earnest ladies start this work. Second, Interest the youth of the town, and give them something to do, in improving around their homes and by the roadsides. Let every child—girl and boy—help in planting, if too young to work alone,—some vine, flower, shrub or tree, to belong to the planter or, at least, to be known by his or her name.

Third, The treasury may be replenished by membership fees, large or small, according to the liberality of the community, by life memberships, by fairs, lectures, concerts, and other entertainments. Large gifts for such public improvements are often made by wealthy citizens and by natives, now non-residents. Many whom fortune has favored are glad of such an opportunity of showing their grateful remembrance of the mother soil that bore them. Many hundreds and thousands of dollars come in such filial gifts.

The influence of these associations is marked and happy in fraternizing the people of a town and leading all classes, irrespective of party, or sect, or rank, or riches, to meet on common ground and work for the common good. The Arbor Days, now observed in some twenty States, invite the young and the old, all classes, to join on a given day in tree-planting. Important as is this work, it is but one of the many improvements most needed. To give a single illustration, in one town where a large foreign population is engaged in extensive quarries and in manufacturing, the operatives and quarrymen joined with the citizens on a Saturday afternoon in a big "bee," where "many hands made light work," or rather did much work and all "had a good time." Henceforth they thought more of their town and more of their homes, which shared in these improvements, as did the sidewalks, road-sides, cemeteries, and other public grounds. This general co-operation of all classes, this interchange of friendly courtesies, promoted good fellowship, and made all proud of the achievements of that—to them—memorable day. The Village Improvement Bee may help to counteract the tendency of rural life to isolation and seclusion, or separation by classes or nationalities, lifting out of the ruts of a dull, plodding monotony, cultivating social amenities and neighborly feeling. In some towns, after such a day of united work, a collation prepared by the ladies becomes another bond of union and fellowship.

These associations have many other important aims, such as organizing free town libraries, securing public health by better sanitary conditions in the homes and their surroundings, improving side-walks, road-sides, roads, providing drinking-troughs, breaking out paths through the snow, lighting the streets and removing nuisances. The donations and legacies recently made to public libraries are many and often large. In Massachusetts are over two hundred free public libraries, containing over one million volumes, with a yearly circulation of over three millions. No other State and no equal area on the globe is so well supplied with free public libraries. Dr. Francis Wayland, when President of Brown University, initiated this grand movement in Massachusetts. He then built better than he knew. Great as was his influence as an author, preacher, and college president, his example in starting the Wayland Library in Massachusetts was still more beneficent.—*Watchman.*

ALWAYS TIDY.

Some folks are very charming at evening parties, but surprise them in the morning when not looking for company, and the enchantment is gone. There is good sense in the following advice to young ladies:

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A little girl that looks like a "fury" or a "sloven," in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be there are eight things it should contain: mirror, wash-stand, soap, towel, comb, hair-brush, nail-brush and tooth-brush. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning, and after dinner-work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may not, or need not be anything better than calico; but with ribbon or some bit of ornament you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well-dressed.

A girl with fine sensibilities can not help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged and dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, should a stranger or neighbor come in. Moreover, your self-respect should demand the decent apparelling of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.—*Standard.*

RECIPES.

RICE PUDDING.—Two and one-half tablespoonfuls of rice, one-half cup of sugar, one quart of milk, salt, nutmeg, and raisins if desired, and a small piece of butter. Soak the rice in a part of the milk two hours, then add the other ingredients, and bake slowly two hours.

WAR ON RED ANTS.—"I want every lady who reads this article to try my experiment with red ants. Two years ago I began placing a bait in the bottom of the cupboard, on the pantry floor and in the cellar, and found a soda biscuit the most attractive (one can be used several days in succession). Place it on a plate, turning a saucer over it, as they are partial to dark quarters; tap it over a pan of hot water every morning, and you will be surprised at the myriads you destroy. I am happy to say I have not seen a red ant this summer, and hope I have exterminated the race in my house. A Constant Reader of the *New York Observer.*"

VARIETY CAKE.—A writer in the *Household* says: We are very fond of cake and have hardly had two alike. This is how we made it: One egg, one cup of sugar, a scanty half-cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of water, one-half of a teaspoonful of vanilla, one and one-half cups of flour and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, then add the beaten yolk, then the water and extract and then the flour and baking powder sifted together. Beat quickly and lightly and stir in the beaten white last. Turn into a long biscuit tin in a moderately quick oven and it will come out moist and light as a feather. A white boiled frosting adds much to it. We have made this cake with but slight variations all the month though it has never been recognized. We have baked it in layers and spread between, sometimes jelly, sometimes lemon butter. At another time chocolate filling, which is nice and does not need an egg. We have used orange, cocoanut, raisins, cream and figs for filling, each of which made a very different cake of it. Once or twice milk was used instead of water for a plain cake, though our best cakes were made of water. By using a little more flour and adding a cup of raisins, which have been stoned, cut in pieces and well floured, a very good loaf may be made, which should be baked in a deep tin like bread. Once we took half the mixture, added a tablespoonful of molasses and a little spice, and baked the whole as marble cake.

GLEANINGS.

In the case of injuries by acids, such as vitriol, nitric acid, etc., the application of an alkali will neutralize the acid. Whatever may be at hand, soda, limewater, a handful of common earth, may be spread over the affected part. Water may be used freely before the alkali is applied, because it reduces the acid by dilution.

To eradicate grease. Take of soft soap and fuller's earth half a pound each; beat well together in a mortar and form into cakes. The spot after being moistened with water, is rubbed with the cake and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water, and rinsed or rubbed off clean.

Bar soap should be cut into square pieces, and these should be put into a dry place, as soap lasts better after drying.

A hot, strong lemonade, taken at bedtime, will often break up a cold.

If gilt frames, when new, are covered with a coat of white varnish, all specks can be washed off with water without harm.

To make good tea. Scald teapot well, add one teaspoonful of tea, for each cup, pour on a little boiling water, and steep five minutes, but I entreat you, if you desire a good cup of tea do not let the tea boil. Boiling injures tea.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PUZZLES.

WHAT IS IT?

There is a verb which means to spatter,
Behead it, but it does not matter—
A letter lost is still not missed;
The word is spelled quite as you list.
Behead again and there remains
What is often over a pair of reins.
Behead once more—a tree is seen—
Long may it boast its wealth of green!
Behead again—a sound is heard;
It means be quiet, yet is no word.

RIVAL SCHOOLS.

My first is in able.
My next is in cable.
My third is in sallow.
My fourth is in tallow.
My fifth is in patter.
My sixth is in attar.
My seventh is in lather.
My eighth is in rather.
My ninth is in Patty.
Do you believe this, Matty?

My first is in mother.
My next is in brother.
My third is in money.
My fourth is in honey.
My fifth is in rooster.
My sixth is in booster.
My seventh's in apple.
My eighth is in dapple.
My ninth is in sitting.
My tenth is in hitting.
My eleventh's in ditty.
Do you believe in this, Kitty?

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1, My first may sometimes be of brass,
Or zinc, or iron, or wood;
Or may, perhaps, grow on a lass,
As nature meant they should.

2, Transposed I travel on so slow,
Proverbial I've become;
I take my house where'er I go,
So always am at home.

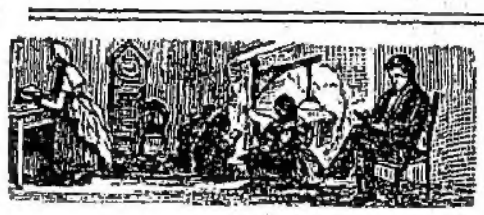
3, My next is said of those cut down
By warrior's sudden stroke,
Whether they wear a kingly crown,
Or bear a slavish yoke.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.

The third of a ton is certainly "T."
(May it puzzle you less than it puzzled me!)
And that "E" by the same arithmetical law,
Was an eighth of f-o-u-r-f-o-o-t in a moment I saw.
As sixteen ounces will make a pound,
One-fifth to be "N," I quickly found.
One-ninth of t-r-o-y-p-o-u-n-d is certainly "D."
And a seventh of f-u-r-l-o-n-g is "O" you will see
One-sixth of a d-o-l-l-a-r you'll find to be "L,"
While my seventh's the same from e-l-l.
Of a c-o-t-t-o-n-b-a-l-e, surely one-tenth is an "A."
And "R" is an eighth of a f-a-r-t-h-i-n-g you'll say;
While none will be found for a moment unwilling
To admit that an "L" is one eighth of a shilling.
To the "solver successful" his joy may redouble
At finding "ten dollars" reward for his trouble.
And if he should feel he's not much a gainer
Still owns to the joke of the cute "Ent R Tainer."

BLANK PUZZLE.—1. Prate; 2. pear; 3. pat 4. pet; 5. rep; 6. at; 7. pa, 8. ear; 9. tea; 10. pea; 11. rate; 12. par; 13. rap; 14. rat; 15. trap; 16. are; 17. ape; 18. tear; 19. rapt; 20. art; 21. era; 22. tear; 23. tare; 24. pate; 25. eat; 26. rapt; 27. tape; 28. peat; 29. ate; 30. part; 31. per.



The Family Circle.

CHRIST AT THE DOOR.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

The Saviour stands at the door and knocks:
Oh, let us open it wide!
Come in, come in, thou Joy of our hearts!
Why dost thou linger outside?
He will not shrink from our poverty,
But oh, let us hush the din
Of loud and quarrelsome words and tones,
Or he cannot enter in.

He comes to bring us gladness and peace,
To chase our darkness away.
Come in, come in, thou Light of the world,
And shine in our souls to-day!
Oh, let us rise and drive out his foes,
Falsehood and hatred and sin,
Banishing bitterness, wrath and strife,
Or he cannot enter in.

He comes to bring us his truth and love,
To wash us white as the snow;
Come in, come in, thou Glory of heaven!
Thy power and mercy show!
Oh, let us kneel and with humble hearts
Confess our folly and sin,
And then, with gladness of faith and love,
Welcome him entering in!

—*Child's Paper.*

SOCIETIES AND DUTIES.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"Take good care of Mamie; that is your one duty, Lizzie. Remember."

That was Mrs. Leigh's last warning as Lizzie and Mamie stood on the piazza watching papa and mamma drive off. Mrs Leigh had received a telegram telling her of her sister's dangerous illness, and unfortunately Mr. Leigh had arranged to go on a business trip, so the children had to be left at home in charge of the servants. To be sure, Tom Dunn and his wife were not like ordinary servants, yet Mrs. Leigh was very sorry to have to leave so hurriedly, and felt especially anxious about Mamie.

Lizzie was nine years older than Mamie, and had no misgivings as to her ability to care for the little sister. "It is not as if there were school, mamma," she said. "I'll be at home and devote myself to Mamie."

For two or three days Lizzie enjoyed her duties very much. It was a real pleasure to wash and dress her little sister, to read to her and play games with her, or to drive out with her and hear remarks as to her devotion to the little girl. But by the fourth day the novelty began to wear off, and when two or three young friends came to chat about their work and plans Mamie was decidedly in the way and was made to feel it.

"Take your battledore and play out doors on the lawn," said Lizzie.

"May I have a tennis ball and play tennis?"

"You may try, only don't bother me, that's a dear, and don't go off the lawn."

The child skipped off, quite happy at the prospect of trying her hand at tennis, and now and then they would hear her singing as they talked together.

May Bailey and Hattie French had come over to propose starting an Improvement Society. Six girls were to meet once or twice a week and read together during the summer. They could take turns in reading aloud while the others worked on useful or pretty things to be given to the missionary box.

Lizzie was delighted with the plan, and proposed that they should adjourn at once to the library to select a book. The Leighs had a remarkably good collection of books, and Lizzie liked nothing better than to talk about those which she had read.

"Here is the 'Life of James Nasmyth,'" she said. "I have only read the first chapter and we could begin it over again. Or here is Greely's new book. Father brought that home last week, and I've hardly seen the pictures."

"Oh, you have 'Stepping Heavenward.' Isn't it just splendid?" said May; and then followed a long discussion of "Katy," her mother, husband and children, till Lizzie was startled by the sound of the two o'clock dinner bell.

"Why, has Mamie been out in the hot sun all this time!" she exclaimed. "And the foolish child had on my fascinator. Girls, you must stay to dinner, but let me run after Mamie."

Lizzie's conscience reproached her when she found the little sister asleep in the sun, and she resolved to let nothing tempt her to neglect the child. But the morning visit had been so pleasant that the girls came again the next day, Hattie undertaking to teach Lizzie a new stitch in art needlework.

How Mamie hated the sight of that piece of blue plush. There were no more romps with Lizzie, no more stories or games, and poor little Mamie had two or three hard cries for her dear mamma.

The Improvement Society was started at once, and held its second meeting at the Leigh's cottage.

"Now, Mamie, you must not bother around," said Lizzie; "you can play."

"What can I play? I wish I had a s'ciety like you. Just 'cause they've got the whooping-cough I can't go near Kitty Davis. I don't know what to play."

"Oh, play with your dolls and your hoop or your battledore. When I was a little girl," said Lizzie, coaxing a bit of her frizzes that would not lie straight, "I hadn't any sister at all."

Mamie's secret opinion was that a sister devoted to working a spray of apple-blossoms and a s'ciety was not much to boast of, but she could not put her feelings into words, and at last shouldered her battledore and wandered off. Five minutes later six girls were chatting and laughing in the library, and the sound of their voices only made the little girl more lonely and mother-sick than before.

"I'll go and be a big Babe in the Wood," she said, and, picking up a tennis ball, she began rolling it in front of her and following its lead.

The child found herself before long in the midst of tall trees; a narrow footpath went straight through, but Mamie did not keep to the path; she followed the ball, throwing it carelessly one way and another. Birds sang and insects hummed. A wild grape-vine hung down from a tree and Mamie swung back and forth on it. What grand fun it was! Then a little squirrel ran past, and Mamie chased him, heedless where she ran. At last, pretty warm and out of breath, she threw herself down where the trees had been cleared and the grass grew thickly.

"Oh, how hungry I am!" she said, and remembered that Nancy was to make strawberry short-cake for dessert. A heavy cloud hid the bright sun; the woods, which a moment before were so cheery and delightful, seemed dreary and horribly desolate.

"O mamma! mamma!" she cried; but the only answer was the wind rustling the leaves. Yet, lying still, her face pillowed in her hands, Mamie felt comforted. Had not mamma said God would take care of her?

"Why, Mamie Leigh, how did you get here?"

Mamie rubbed her eyes, and, lifting her head like a turtle, looked up in Cousin Anna's face. "My ball brought me, and the squirrel—such a pretty red squirrel!"

"But mamma will be frightened, Mamie! You are more than a mile away from home!"

"Can't I go to your house, Cousin Anna? My mamma's gone to Aunt Hattie's, and Lizzie has a 'Provement S'ciety; she won't miss me a bit!"

"Cousin Anna," as the children called her, though she was no relation, understood matters pretty well, and, willing that Lizzie should have a lesson, she took the child to her own house, which was not far off. There Mamie had all the strawberries and cream she could eat, and enjoyed a happy afternoon, with no thought of Lizzie, for had not her sister a "s'ciety"?

But Lizzie's society had long since broken up and Lizzie had been searching for the little sister everywhere.

"Mother only gave me one thing to do, and I've neglected that! Oh, why was I so selfish and careless? Dear little Mamie! What shall I do? What will mamma say?"

To be sure they searched the woods, but the first time they only walked through the footpath. The second time Lizzie went hither and thither, calling the child's name, and, suddenly remembering Cousin Anna's house, she resolved to go there and tell her trouble.

She rang the bell, but as she rang the door opened and two little arms were round her, while Mamie said, "I'm coming here every time you have a s'ciety! Cousin Anna says I can have a 'Provement S'ciety here!"

"O Mamie, I'll never leave you alone again! But you ought not to have gone off the lawn—indeed you oughtn't!"

"If I don't go off the lawn that'll be a 'provement, won't it?"

"Yes, and if I take better care of you, that will be a 'provement. O Cousin Anna, I need to improve, and indeed I will."

"You have had a pretty hard punishment," said Anna, as she bathed Lizzie's flushed, tearful face, "but perhaps it is a good thing that you have learned at fifteen how much societies interfere with home duties."—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. J. F. MAGUIRE.

A certain "Prince of great power" was much irritated against his subjects for non-obedience to his laws and commands.

He summoned all his wise men, his statesmen and his counsellors, to ask their advice in the management of his people. To them he stated his grievances, and asked their advice as to what was to be done with them. One said, "Slaughter them;" another said, "Clap the disobedients into prison;" and a third said, "O mighty Prince, has thou not wealth at thy command? Money will do wonders. Reward the most obedient." Now the prince's laws were easy of obedience, for they were the laws of the flesh and of the will, and the prince set them an example of self-gratification, sloth, and noisy rioting. There had come amongst his people of late years an aged hermit to whose forcible words they had listened; he recommended them strongly and eloquently to fight against nature and overcome self; to be kind to each other, and assist one another when they could, "promising them peace of mind and joy of heart." But all these practices enraged the prince, and when he saw one day, when riding through the streets, that a man who was struck by another man did not return the blow, he sent for the culprit and asked him what he meant by such cowardly conduct. The man made answer that he had now learned a better lesson, and that he forgave his offending brother, who was mad at the time—carrried away by passion. O mighty Prince, had I struck him another blow he would pay it back and we should both be striking other for ever until one or both should cease to live. The enraged prince ordered this man to be beaten with bludgeons until almost dead. He then summoned all his counsellors, and commanded them to set their wits to work and upset all these foolish notions that had taken possession of the brains and hearts of his people. "Search for the hermit," said he, "and bring him to me. I will cleave his tongue and he shall not be setting my people astray any longer; nor shall I lose my influence upon them. Go!" he said to his ministers; "I will give you five days to consider how you can best help me." They departed, and on the fifth day came back to their prince. He received them joyfully, saying—"Now, my trusty counsellors, can you propose any improvement in my manner of the government of my people?" One said, "Take their liberty from them; you have given them too much." Another said, "Emigrate them, sell them to slave-owners, transport them." The prince did not like any of these plans—he did not think them feasible, and while marking his disapprobation by the swaying to and fro of his train, an old and fiery counsellor stood up and, bowing low, he said, "O mighty Prince, whose power in this kingdom 'is great,' listen to thy trusty and careful servant, who has given deep thought to this weighty matter concerning as it does such numbers. My advice to thee, O powerful Prince, is to seize upon the corn of the fields, the staff of their lives; cause to be built a large house containing a great chamber to hold the corn, with attached to it a big furnace below, and fountain for water. This corn shall there heat and boil. Give thy people to drink of this, O Prince, sparingly at first, as if thou grudgedst it to them. Again and again will they come to thee for it, which thou wilt not now keep back from them. Let them drink copiously of it, and then, O Prince, thy laws will be obeyed without any trouble." The prince was so pleased with this diplomacy that he patted his minister Bubezleeb on the back and promised him much. He made him to sit on his right hand while he sketched out on a piece of parchment the plan of the building. The corn was reaped and put into the large chamber by the prince's order, the chamber with the red furnace underneath, neither did he forget the round tower (built after the manner of the ancients) to carry up on high as a perpetual incense. Night and day the furnace was kept heated. And so things turned out as the crafty counsellor recommended. The prince's subjects at first felt shy of the large building, but when they met others on their way to it, it encouraged them, and soon they came in hundreds. In the beginning they were moderate in their thirst, but whatever the reason was, their thirst increased as they drank, and their love for it became absorbing. Now they no longer lived in peace with one another, to the great satisfaction of the discoverer Bubezleeb. He said to his Prince, "They are thine, and now thou canst make thyself rich by putting a heavy tax upon the drink, it will not prevent their purchasing it; the dearer it is the more will they prize it." And it was so as the crafty minister foretold. Men denied themselves many things to procure it. Women gave their children's bread for it, even their very garments. And the prince was no longer angered by the rebellion of his subjects—they hugged their chains obeyed his laws, and forfeited their inheritance for ever.—*Irish League Journal.*

A TEMPERANCE DAY.

BY MARY STELLA MORGAN, OHIO.

We set apart one afternoon each term as Temperance Day, under the auspices of the School Literary Society, which is organized at the beginning of the year with a president and critic elected by ballot, and a secretary appointed by the president.

On Temperance Day the children prepare recitations, essays, dialogues and songs relating to that subject. They adorn the walls with mottoes and pictures appropriate to the occasion. It is the event of the term, and the exercises are prepared with much care, and rehearsals are numerous. A special invitation is sent to the parents, and a general invitation given the public through the daily papers. The invitations to the parents are a prominent feature, being varied each term, and originated by the pupils in this way. Each pupil prepares an invitation. These are all read aloud to the school, and the one that is voted "the best" is written on the board, and a committee of five, appointed by the president, writes these invitations to all the parents. It is an enthusiastic day, because it is pre-eminently their day. It is a sure and pleasant way to emphasize the evils wrought upon the system, the home, the State, by the demon drink. This day and its associations reach out to all the families represented in the schools, strengthens their faith in abstinence, and is one more good seed sown with the prayers of the Ohio women.—*Journal of Education.*

THROUGH GOD TO MEN.

The best way to reach men is through God Himself. "Ask Me," He tells us, of things to come concerning My sons;" as much as to say, "Deal with Me, and let Me deal with those whom you would influence." The following incident gives the result in one instance of such a course:—

A young man in the state of Indiana not long ago left home for a business opening in Ohio. There a gentleman from his own native place found him, and was shocked to discover that he had become a profane swearer. Returning home he felt constrained to tell his parents of his awful degeneracy. They said little, and in doubt whether they had understood him he called the next day and repeated the statement. The father calmly replied:

"We understood you; my wife and I spent a sleepless night on our knees pleading in behalf of our son; and about daybreak we received the assurance from God that James will never swear again."

Two weeks after, the son came home a changed man.

"How long since this change took place" asked his rejoicing parents.

He replied that just a fortnight before he was struck with a sense of guilt so that he could not sleep, and spent the night in tears and prayers for pardon. Mark—there had been no time for any parental appeal, or even for a letter of remonstrance; while they were praying for him; God moved him to pray for himself.—*Dr. Pierson.*

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The name of Frances Ridley Havergal has become to thousands of Christians, in all parts of the world, a household word. She has spoken to us in her writings so personally as to be a real friend of all. Little children go to sleep on one of the "Little Pillows," and wake to the chime of a "Morning Bell." The older folk are helped, stimulated, and cheered by wise and loving words, unfolding some of the promises and commands of the King whom she loved and served, or the privilege and blessing of being wholly his, "kept for the Master's use;" whilst many voices, the wide world over, take up the echo of her songs of praise. The memorials of her life have brought us yet nearer to her, and explained the power of her words, by showing her lowly walk with God.

Born December 14, 1836, she was the youngest daughter of Rev. W. H. Havergal, then Rector of Astley, Worcestershire, afterwards of St. Nicholas, Worcester.

She was a singularly bright, clever child, early giving promise of the gifts so fully developed in later years. The little book in which she wrote her childish hymns and rhymes begins with verses written at the age of seven; from nine years old upwards she wrote long and amusing descriptive letters in perfect rhyme and rhythm. She seems to have had deep religious impressions during childhood, both at home and at school, but could not fix any actual time as the date of conversion.

From 1851, she knew what it was consciously to trust in Jesus, and to find the sweetness of the Word of God.

All her life henceforth was filled with blessed work for the Master, in Sunday-school, Bible-classes, cottage visiting, Y.W.C.A. meetings, and many other things. More than once she was laid aside for a time through severe illness, and "under his shadow," learning more and more of the love of Him who laid her low; and made to feel the pressure of his hand, she was further trained in that wonderful sympathy with, and tenderness for others which was such a marked feature in her character. Truly she comforted others with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God.

In 1870, Rev. W. H. Havergal entered into rest; and those who have read "The Memorials," or the poem "Yet Speaketh," can form some idea of how much poorer was earth henceforth to his daughter, and how much richer heaven.

She had an intense love for music, and would play from memory through Handel, and much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Her singing was beautifully expressive and sweet; and she loved to sing God's own words, praying that they might be his message to the listeners. In this way many opportunities were afforded of speaking of Him of whom she sang; and she had the joy of seeing fruit found to his glory.

Her sister writes: "Almost the last time we walked to church together she turned round to me and said, 'Marie, I've come to the conclusion that it will be very nice to go to heaven. The perfect harmony; the perfect praise; no jarring tunes. You don't know the intense enjoyment it is to me to sing in part music. I don't think I could hear the Hallelujah Chorus and not sing it; but there!'"

Miss Havergal made several tours in Switzerland, entering with intense enjoyment into the beauties of nature, recognizing the touch of the Father's hand in all, and finding in them spiritual help and teaching. Abroad, as well as at home, she was constantly doing the "King's business," and was privileged to lead many—tourists, peasants, invalids—to rejoice in her Saviour. The volume, "Swiss Letters," is a lasting memorial of these happy journeys

In 1873, a little book entitled, "All for Jesus," by Rev. J. T. Wrenford, Newport, Mon., came under Miss Havergal's notice, telling of a fulness of blessing beyond anything she had yet attained. It met a felt need, and soon she herself could say, "I have the blessing," the Spirit powerfully applying this word to her soul: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

From this time her life was full of sunshine; some expression of it is found in the beautiful hymns, "Without Carefulness," and "From Glory unto Glory":—

"And now I find Thy promise true.
Of perfect peace and rest;
I cannot sigh; I can but sing,
While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
Whose ways are always best."

"From glory unto glory! without a shade of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear;
Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will guide,
And know that He will keep us at His beloved side,
Abiding in his presence, and walking in the light,
And seeking to 'do always what is pleasing in his sight;'
We look to Him to keep us, 'all glorious within,'
Because 'the blood of Jesus Christ is cleansing from all sin.'"

In 1878, Miss Havergal went to live with her sister near Swansea. Here for a few months she was fully occupied in writing, helping others, and working in the neighborhood of her new home. On May 21st., 1879, she took cold from being out in the damp on one of the Master's errands; a feverish attack ensued, then inflammation and peritonitis.

Through intense suffering and constant sickness her patient endurance and gladness in God's will witnessed to his power.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Through the last hours again and again were heard the words, "Splendid, to be so near the gates of heaven!" and "So beautiful to go!" At dawn on June 3rd, the change came; and with the King's name on her lips—trying to sing, but just uttering HE—she passed into His presence to behold Him in His beauty.—*Selected.*

EVENING GAMES.

A QUESTION FOR CONSCIENCE.

Lessons learned, the paper read and talked over, music enjoyed for a while, a part of the evening remains to be devoted to some amusement in which the young people will want father and mother or auntie and uncle to join.

Have they cards? Shall you permit them to play poker, euchre or whist, and kindred games? Certainly, if they wish, you say.

Just glance at Rob, your eighteen-year old boy, so quick and apt to master the points of anything to which he applies himself; are you sure he will be able to say "no" to his good natured but unprincipled fellow clerk when, after office hours, he says, "Come, Rob, let's go in here and try a game of euchre with some friends of mine!" "Yes," you say, "Rob has been too well taught and guarded; good principles are too well instilled in him, to allow me to think for one moment that he would go into a gambling saloon." Ah! Rob is safe, you think. Glad to hear that, but how about his cousin Philip, so unstable, so easily led, so anxious to please? He often passes the evening with Rob. Are you sure a knowledge of cards will benefit him? And there is Mr. G., who a few years ago was "sowing wild oats," and who hardly knows now whether to give up business or not; he often comes in evenings to consult you about matters of interest to him. Will it do him good to see that fascinating game of whist in progress?

If our worst gamblers would tell us where their first games were played, would we find any among them who began at home? One I've heard of was taught a game of cards by a young lady, and she a Christian, too. Fancy her feelings when she heard what he became.

When there is so much besides to interest and entertain young people, why place in their hands what may sometimes lead them to ruin? If but one out of a hundred were thus led, would all the enjoyment that can be derived from cards pay for the loss of his soul?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC SCHOOL PROBLEMS.

1. There are 175,000 saloons in the United States and 164,000 public schools; how many more saloons than schools?

2. The people of the United States pay $80,000,000 yearly for the support of the public schools, and $1,484,000,000 for the support of the saloons; how much more do the saloons cost than the schools?

3. The value of the food products of the United States for a single year is about $600,000,000; the cost of all the clothing about $400,000,000; the cost of alcoholic drinks about $1,484,000,000; how much more does the liquor cost than the food and clothing?—*Mrs. Sarah McChesney.*

IT REQUIRES NO LEARNING to lay up a store of Scripture truth, although learning will undoubtedly aid in so doing. But the common reader of the Bible may make great progress therein. The plan is to learn one fact a day thoroughly. Then, keep it in mind. Do not let it be forgotten. Then learn another fact, and take pains to retain the two. Then to your stock add still another, and, by review, keep all three in memory. Then take some other truth or fact, and put it with the others. So, by ceaseless review and thought, keep all you learn, and learn all you can keep. In this simple way, the mind will become a treasure-house. Memory will be rich in means of instruction. It is wonderful how each fact or truth thus learned forms a focal centre, about which other truth is sure to gather. In this way the whole mind becomes crystalline with treasures more precious than pearl and diamonds.—*S. S. Teacher.*

FIVE PENNIES.

(*Translated from the French.*)

An aged man and woman, between seventy and eighty years old, were wearily and silently climbing the path which led to their humble home. They were a poor, hard-working couple, living quietly in a remote corner of France, where the wife by spinning, and the husband by weaving, earned together less than four shillings a week. Out of this small pittance they had to pay for food and clothing, fuel and rent, and both had learned to practise the strictest economy in all things. However, by enduring privations of every kind they managed "to make both ends meet"; and, moreover, they had latterly succeeded in putting aside one penny each week toward their funeral expenses. They had no debts, but not a penny to spare.

Just then they were returning from a missionary meeting, where the minister had spoken impressively of the double duty toward missions which devolves on those who truly feel what the Saviour has done for them. They must first pray for the missionary cause, and then joyfully give to extend the Kingdom of God.

Resting on a seat before reaching their little hut, they sat for a while in silence and deep thought. "Wife," said the husband at last, "it makes me very sad to think that we give nothing for the Kingdom of God and the cause of missions. Yet we both feel how blessed it is for us to have a Saviour, and we would be glad to do something to please Him."

"Yes, if we only knew how," answered she earnestly.

"I have been thinking of that money we put aside for our burial," continued the old man; "but if we were to take it, we would wrong those who had to bear our funeral expenses."

"No, that cannot be done," said the wife.

"Let us commit this whole matter to the Lord," replied her husband; and having done so, they retired to rest.

Two months had passed since the missionary meeting; winter had set in, early and severe,—a most trying time for the poor. One day somebody knocked at the minister's door. It was the old woman, with a face beaming with joy.

"Mr. ——," said she, "I bring you something for the Missionary Fund. My husband and I wish to show how precious our dear Saviour is to us, by giving something for the poor heathen"; and she drew from her pocket a piece of paper, in which were wrapped five pennies.

The pastor looked at the old woman with surprise and asked her how she had collected this amount.

"Oh, sir!" she answered joyfully, "the dear Lord put a thought in my heart. Since the day of the missionary meeting I have carefully saved up all our potato parings (we eat about a dolen potatoes a day); I dried them and put them into a bag, and this morning took it to a neighbor who keeps pigs, and she paid me these five pennies, so I brought them to you at once."

Cheerfully the old mother took up her staff, and toiled up the rough mountain path leading to her home; and as the pastor's eyes followed her, "O Thou faithful God," said he, "how well these poor people have understood and responded to Thy call! How much we can learn from them!"—*Herald of Mercy.*

THE ESSENTIAL THOUGHT of Christianity is entire consecration. "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me," are words of the Master. They are the words which test the genuineness of any experience, and the honesty of any profession. If the soul hesitates to accept them there is danger.

"TO GIVE IS TO LIVE."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded.)

The lines faded off from Mr. Goldwin's forehead, and light as from some new revelation paled the shadows on his face.

"*You are leading me into the thought of* new and better things," he said. "I see a divine philosophy never understood before. God has given me great possessions, and laid on me at the same time great responsibilities. How shall I meet these responsibilities?"

"Not by shifting them off on another, my friend. If any wrong is done in the administration of your trust, it will avail nothing when your final accounts are settled to say—'Mr. Orton is my agent. Go to him.'"

Mr. Goldwin gave a start. A slight pallor overspread his face.

"You have a novel way of putting things, my friend," he remarked, a huskiness in his voice.

"Ah, I'm pleased to hear that. I hope your present agent has a heart of flesh, and not of stone."

"He is at least trying to administer with judgment and justice."

"Tempered with humanity, I hope?" said Mr. Latimer.

"I hope so. I am my own agent."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and the result is a loss of income for the last year of over four thousand pounds as compared with the previous year."

"And the gain? What of that?"

"I am not able to count the gain, it is so large." The voice that said this was clear of utterance and *full of satisfaction.*

"Of what does it consist?"

"Of so many things that I fail to make the enumeration."

"Mention a few. I am deeply interested."

"I have quietude of mind instead of the old, restless, dissatisfied states that often made my days and nights a burden. The hours I devote each day to a careful administration of my affairs give my thoughts a healthy activity; and the knowledge I get of the men to whom my property is leased, and the nature and condition of their business, enables me to be considerate and just; and this brings its own reward, deep and pure."

"Above all that can be counted in bank notes or gold?"

"Yes, far above. I think now of two men who, if Orton had remained my agent, would have gone into bankruptcy. They are out of danger to-day. They were tardy in paying their rent. I asked an interview, and kindly invited their confidence, for I believed them to be honest. They showed me their business. It had been prudently conducted, but was not large enough to justify the rent they were paying. Two or three losses had embarrassed them. They were disheartened. I pitied them, and losing sight for the time of my own interests, thought only of theirs. I put myself temporarily in their place, and considered their affairs as if they were my own. The rent, as I have said, was too high; it had been paying me a very large percentage on the value of the property. I made it lower. It would have done you good had you seen the surprise and relief that lit up their faces when I volunteered a reduction. *I did* more; I said, 'Meet your more pressing demands, and let me wait to a more convenient season; only see that I am kept secure at a future time.'

"Well, they weathered the storm, and I have been paid to the last shilling. It would have been very different with those men had Orton remained my agent; and very different with me."

"You never think of this without a feeling of deep satisfaction," said Mr. Latimer.

"Never."

"The memory of a good deed is a perpetual delight. It is a treasure laid up in the heaven of our minds, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. Oh, my friend, what golden opportunities the good Father has placed in your way! You have gold and silver in lavish abundance, and God is showing you how it may be transmuted into imperishable riches."

"No; how can I think, at this moment, of any transaction like that to which she refers?"

"You are learning to live, I see," said Mr. Latimer—"are finding out the secret of happiness; are truly enjoying the wealth that a year ago, like great masses of stagnant water, was *filling your soul with* oppression and sickening miasmas. The air, so poisonous then, is clear and wholesome to-day, and every breath of it that you inhale reddens your blood with new vitality, which is *felt* in pleasant thrills through every artery and vein of your moral being."

"For all of which I thank you, as a wise and faithful friend," answered Mr. Goldwin.

"Rather," was replied, "let your thanks go to Him who put it into my heart to speak words of truth and soberness, which, happily, fell like good seed into good ground, bringing forth in due season a harvest of blessings."

A DYAK VILLAGE IN BORNEO.—*(See first page.)*

"A true way, I hope," was the reply.

"Too true for my comfort. Your visit has not made me a happier man."

"If it help to make you a better man, then I know that you will be a happier man. Shall I not be content?"

It would weary the reader were we to put on record all the long conversation that followed. Was it fruitless? Let us see.

A year later. Time, evening. Mr. Goldwin sitting alone in his library. A visitor enters.

"Why, Latimer! I was thinking of you this moment. Glad to see you again!"

And the two men *shook hands* with the cordiality of real friends. As they still held each other tightly by the hand, eyes reading eyes, Mr. Latimer said—"It is well with you, I see. Body and mind in better condition than they were a year ago?"

"I hope so."

"Life not worried out?"

"No," answering with a quiet smile.

"Mr. Orton saves you from that damage?"

A flash, as from some old fire of indignation, burned for a moment across Mr. Goldwin's face.

"He is no longer my agent."

A servant entered and gave Mr. Goldwin a letter. He broke the seal and read it, in silence, twice over. Mr. Latimer, who was watching his face, saw a flood of light pass over it.

"From a lady, but anonymous."

"Ah! The contents give you pleasure, I see."

"I will read it for you;" and Mr. Goldwin read:—

"DEAR AND HONORED SIR,—A grateful wife and mother writes to you in the fulness of her heart, impelled by an inner dictate which she cannot disregard. You had my husband in your power—he was legally and morally bound to you in a contract, the enforcement of which on your part would have been ruin. He stood on the edge of a gulf, and your hand could pull him back or push him in. If you had considered only yourself, as most men do, I shudder to think of how it might be with me and mine to-day. Something far worse than poverty would, I fear, be our bitter portion. May he who put it into your heart to be merciful bless you with even more abundance of this world's goods, and with the higher blessing of eternal riches in heaven! "Truly yours,

"A GRATEFUL WIFE AND MOTHER."

"Do you guess the writer's name?" asked Mr. Latimer.

A FRESH ILLUSTRATION of the unique power which the *Bible* itself possesses over the minds and hearts of men, may be seen in the following incident recently related in a periodical of the English Church Missionary Society: Six years ago a learned Persian dervish, on looking over the books in a friend's house, happened to take up a *Enjil* (New Testament) which its owner said was about the prophet Jesus, a useless book which had been presented to him by an American goldsmith. Moved with curiosity, Agha Mirza Syed Khaleeh glanced inside, and forming a different estimate as to the value of its contents, asked for a loan of the New Testament, and when his friend offered to give it, thankfully *accepted and took* the precious book home. His private study of it convinced him of the truth of what he read; and he has accepted, and openly confessed, the Lord Jesus to be his Saviour. Having previously been dissatisfied with Mohammedanism, he spent all his money in going from place to place seeking the true religion; and now, contending *with poverty* and proscription, he is successfully testifying for Christ in his own and adjoining village.—*S. S. Times.*

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"You might look to my canary whilst I'm away to-morrow and the next day, Annie; I shouldn't like the poor little thing to be hungry and thirsty."

"O, bother! Can't you give it enough seed and water to last it till you come back? I've got such a lot to do—lessons to learn, and needlework and my plants, and ever so many other things. I'm sure I shan't have a minute to myself."

Katie and Annie were next-door neighbors; they went to the same school together, and were in the same class, but they were very unlike in disposition. Whilst Katie was always anxious to do what she could for the comfort of others, Annie was quite thoughtless and a little selfish, and she would seldom or never put herself out of the way to do a kindness to any of her friends.

So Katie went indoors a little sorrowfully and next day she started on a visit to an aunt who lived at some distance, so that it would be necessary for her to stay the night; and it was arranged that she should come back on the following evening. Before going she looked to the comfort of her beloved little canary, putting him a clean bath and plenty of nice fresh seed and water.

"Good-bye, Dickie," she said, "you won't see your little mistress for two whole days;" and she put her finger between the bars for her pet to nibble at.

Dickie hopped to the side of the cage and fondly caressed Katie's finger. Then with a "cheep, cheep," which Katie would have told you, if you had been there, was his way of saying "Good-bye," he cocked his yellow head on one side, and looked at her with his bright eyes as if he really understood what his mistress had said, and was sorry that she was leaving him.

Well, the two days soon passed, not, however, without many anxious thoughts from Katie as to how her bird was faring. When she came back, as soon as she opened the cottage door she was greeted with the dear old "cheep, cheep," and she knew that her golden-plumaged pet was safe.

I am afraid that although Katie tried hard to forgive Annie for her unkindness, and to forget it too, there was some soreness in her heart about it, and sometimes she was tempted to be unkind to Annie in return. But she struggled bravely against the temptation.

Annie, you must know, was very fond of flowers, and took so much interest in them that this year she intended to send some of her plants to the Cottagers' Flower Show which was to be held at the schools. But when she had acted so selfishly, she had not remembered that there might come a time when she in her turn would be glad to ask a favor of Katie. That time had arrived, for she was going away for a week, and as the weather was very hot and dry, her plants would require frequent watering.

She thought of Katie, but she remembered how she herself had replied to her modest request about the canary, and she was too proud to ask a favor where she thought she would most likely be refused. There was no one else who could attend to the plants but her own little sister and she was so very little that Annie was almost afraid to trust her. Still, as there was no help for it, she left the precious flowers in the charge of Tottie, first making her promise faithfully that she would not forget them.

But, alas! Tottie did forget them; and a day or two after, Katie, looking over the wall, saw that Annie's geranium, the most prized of all the plants, was drooping, and the leaves were curling up for want of moisture.

"Now," said the tempter within her, "here is a fine chance of paying out that disagreeable thing, Annie." But a better voice said: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," and the next moment she had opened the gate in the fence which divided the gardens, and the thirsty flowers were presently drinking a draught of cool, refreshing water.

When Annie came back, her first question to Tottie was about the flowers. Tottie at once confessed that she had forgotten all about them, and before she could say more, Annie had rushed out into the garden expecting to find them all dead; but they were actually looking better than when she had left them. So she ran in again to Tottie, and learned how Katie had rendered good for evil. Then wasn't she ashamed! and early the next morning she went in to Katie to thank her and beg her pardon.

When the geranium went to the show, she thought it would not be right to let the plant go in as her own unless she spoke of the week's attention it had received from Katie. The clergyman who presided over the arrangements, said that that would not prevent the plant from being exhibited; and it actually took the first prize for flowers grown by children. But he was so pleased with Katie that he gave her a beautiful book as a reward.

So Katie was repaid in many ways. She had the satisfaction of knowing that she had done what was right, and of seeing that Annie was kinder and more considerate ever after, and she could always look at the book which had been given her with feelings of pleasure that she had been enabled to "overcome evil with good."—*S. S. Treasure.*

GOOD FOR EVIL.

EVIL FOR EVIL.

"I'll pay her out, you see if I don't! trust me, she shall suffer for it!"

Such were the words that reached my ears as I entered the gate of a cottage garden.

The speaker, when she appeared, was plainly in an angry mood, as she held in one hand a long branch of a cucumber vine that was broken off, and in the other a fine large cucumber.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Grant?" I asked. "Have you had an accident?"

"No accident, sir, I am sorry to say," was her reply. "I wish it had been an accident. Done in malice and spite, sir. But it shall be a bad piece of work for somebody."

"What! do you think that this has been broken off on purpose?" said I, pointing to the cucumber.

"I do, sir," said Mrs. Grant; "but they shan't have done it for nothing."

"'Tis a downright shame, that it is," said a neighbor, looking over the hedge; "for you were growing them for the show, weren't you, Mrs. Grant? and you were sure of the first prize too!"

"Yes, that's it," returned Mrs. Grant, holding up the cucumber, almost with tears in her eyes. "It has been done out of jealousy. Dear, dear! that people should have such a bad spirit! But wait a bit, I'll get Jim to pay them off."

"Do you think this has been done to prevent your winning the prize?" I asked.

"That's it, sir," was the answer; "but if I don't get it, they shan't either. There is a lot of potatoes kicked about, and peas and things all trampled!" and the poor woman sat down in her cottage a picture of vexation.

"Jim and I were looking at them last evening," she continued; "and he said we were sure of first prize, as they would be just fit by show day. But I know who must have done it; and I would not be them for something, for Jim will be just about wild when he comes home."

About mid-day I walked down to the mill where Jim Grant was at work, in order to have a little talk with him at his dinner-hour.

After some conversation, I said, "I know a man, Jim, who has had a petty wrong done him—to spite and harm him, it is said. Now, I am almost afraid he will be led to pay it back in the same coin."

"That won't do, sir," said Jim, who was fond of talking on serious matters, and knew as well as any one what was right.

"No," said I; "it is very wrong to take revenge. We ought to forgive and forget; but, Jim, that is not an easy thing to do, and especially when one is taken unawares."

"True, sir," he returned; "and I don't know but that I might be almost afraid of myself, if it came upon me on a sudden; but that it would be wrong, there can be no doubt at all. We have our Master's pattern set us, that we should follow His steps, 'who, when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.'"

I was both curious and anxious to know in what temper Jim would bear the unwelcome news of the destruction of his prize vegetables, and I made a point of looking in upon him the same evening.

Jim was sitting very sulkily in a corner of his cottage; and his wife, in no better humor, was washing up her tea-things at the table.

"I somehow thought you meant it for me when you came to the mill and talked like that this morning," said Jim, at length.

"Yes," said his wife; "but I don't see why those who hurt their neighbors in wicked spite shouldn't suffer for it."

"But I am glad to hope that Jim is not going to take the matter into his own hands, and return evil for evil," I said.

"As to that," was Jim's reply, "I'm not going to be of one mind in the morning and another at night; but"—and then he stopped speaking, but stamped his foot on the floor, and plainly looked as though he would not spare somebody's vegetables if he had them under his heel.

"Ah! Jim," said I; "I see the snake is only scotched, and not killed."

Jim looked at me, and his wife turned from her tea-things, as if neither at all understood what I meant; but before another word was spoken, a lad stood in the open doorway.

"If you please," said he, "is it your garden that our donkey broke into last night? It must have come through the hedge, or have opened the gate—for 'tis clever enough—and it gives us a deal of trouble."

"And so 'twas a donkey after all!" exclaimed Jim. "I seemed to think they were curious marks."

"Well to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant.

"Master bid me say," continued the lad, "that he is very sorry it should have happened; and if you will step up to-morrow morning he will pay the costs of the damage."

Jim and his wife exchanged looks as the boy went away.

"And so 'tis all for the best, wife," said he, "that I didn't take your advice about giving 'tit for tat.'"

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—*Friendly Greetings.*

It Is Said by naturalists that domestic animals of the present day manifest a shrewdness, and even a sense of humor, which was not displayed by those of former generations. An English writer tells the following story in illustration of this statement. Among the members of a certain family was an old lady who was somewhat afraid of the dog belonging to the household. She was very fond of a particularly comfortable chair, but frequently found the dog in possession of her favorite seat. Being timid about driving him off, she would go to the window and call "Cats!" Of course the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the lady would secure her seat. One day the dog entered the room, and, finding the chair occupied, he ran to the window and barked furiously. The old lady went to see what caused the excitement, and instantly the dog darted into the chair which she vacated.

As Soon As the little ones begin to read with ease each should have a Bible as a personal possession. Children like something of which they can say "It is my own." The Bible chosen should not be too costly for common use, but it should be in good print and of attractive appearance. Bibles can be procured at as low a price as twenty-five cents or thirty-five cents, for those who can not spend more.—*S. S. World.*

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

"Girls, what do you think? We are to have a new scholar!" said Florence McFairland, entering the schoolroom in a somewhat excited manner.

"How have you heard the news, Flo?" asked Georgie Converse. "I hope it is to be someone we shall all like."

"I can't say for certain, but just as I had finished practising and was coming out of the music-room I overheard Miss Walker and Mrs. Ensley talking about the new scholar that was soon to be here and what classes they should put her in. They said something about her being delicate and not much advanced in her studies."

"Oh! I should not wonder if it is Ida Bowman," exclaimed Susie Reed.

"Ida Bowman? Who is she?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Why, haven't you heard of the Bowmans who have recently come here?"

"Do you mean the new-comers who have bought the Miller property and forwarded for it such elegant furniture from Boston?"

"Yes. Some of the family came on last week. They passed us on their way to church and looked quite stylish. Mother says there is an only daughter about my age, but she is in rather delicate health and did not come on with them, as she is still under the doctor's care and they wished to get settled first."

"The Miller mansion," as it was called, was indeed an elegant residence set back upon a high knoll and surrounded by fine old trees. There was a broad carriage drive up to the house encircling a smoothly-mown lawn, with here and there a few choice blooming shrubs. It was upon this lawn that Susie Reed first saw the young girl of whom they had been talking.

"Girls, she has come! Ida Bowman has come! I saw her on my way to school, and she is just lovely. She was in a wheel chair on the lawn. Her lap was full of flowers and a splendid Newfoundland dog seemed to be on guard. Once or twice he actually went behind her chair and pushed it as she directed him. They made a beautiful picture, for Ida has long golden ringlets, and she was dressed in light blue silk or something of the kind."

"I wonder if she is a cripple?" said Georgie Converse. "Well, we must pet and make much of her, for it will be just splendid to have a rich and aristocratic girl in our school. We've had so many poor, ill-dressed ones of late that I declare it makes the schoolroom actually look dingy."

"So, Georgie, you are for having only bright butterflies of fashion about you?" said a pleasant voice near the group of girls.

Georgie looked up and felt somewhat abashed as she found Miss Walker had, unnoticed, entered the room, where a few who usually went together were already assembled.

"Don't you think beauty and wealth attractive, Miss Walker?" asked Florence McFairland.

"Certainly, in some respects. But you must remember that 'handsome is that handsome does.' I have noticed of late, and with regret, little cliques among you and that some plainly-dressed but otherwise bright scholars are receiving the cold shoulder. I should be extremely sorry if Ida Bowman's coming adds to this feeling of exclusiveness simply because her father happens to be blessed with a larger share of this world's wealth."

"Quite a lecture," whispered Susie Reed, as the bell rang and they turned to take their seats. "Well, anyhow, I don't mean to associate with all sorts of people in or out of school."

Florence laughed, but Georgie looked sober. She was thinking of what Miss Walker had just said and was wondering if she had not of late somewhat slighted a few of the scholars. But Susie Reed, Flo McFairland, and Kate Bryant did have such a way of making others follow in their lead. She saw, though, that she was becoming too greatly influenced by them for one who had already professed a desire to become a follower of the lowly Jesus.

A new influence, however, was to come among them. Ida Bowman, in her wheel-chair, propelled by a pleasant-looking attendant and headed by the stately Newfoundland dog, daily made her appearance at the schoolroom door, where she was left for a few recitations.

She was not exactly a cripple, but had fallen out of a high swing and hurt her thigh. The fright had also given a shock to her nervous system, so she was very ill for many months, and when once more able to be about appeared very weak and delicate and still suffered pain in her thigh, so the doctor objected to her walking about much until her general health improved and she grew stronger; so she spent much of her time out of doors in a wheel-chair with Nero for her companion. Study had been imperatively neglected for nearly two years, so she was much behind those of her own age and anxious now to make up for lost time.

Susie Reed, as near neighbor, was almost officiously polite to the little stranger on her way to school. Florence McFairland too tried to make herself of importance to the new scholar. But somehow, though gentle and polite to all, Ida seemed to more readily accept kindnesses from the poorer children. To their surprise, the very ones whom they had slighted as almost beneath their notice, Ida would gather around her at recess, tell them stories, or share with them her fruits, nuts, or simple confections.

"Why, she is not the least bit proud or stuck up, like some of the girls," said one.

"No, indeed!" added another, "she talked just as sweetly to me yesterday as though I was dressed in silk. I don't believe she would hurt our feelings by calling us, as Susie Reed has, 'the calico girls,' just because we can't dress as fine as they do."

"She is just a dear little lady," said another, "and mother says no true lady is ever proud or stuck up."

"That's so," responded Bessie Clark. "And I believe she is a true Christian, too, for she is gentle and patient even when in pain. And she never gets angry as some of the girls do, and she looked so sorry the other day when one of them became excited about something and almost struck her schoolmate. I overheard Ida very gently say to them as she tried to make peace between them, 'Jesus tells us that we must love one another.'"

Ida Bowman was indeed a mystery and a study to them all, but it was not long before her influence for good was felt in the school, and the proud, haughty girls found that if they would make friends with her it must be in a different way than the exclusive one they had devised and talked over. Mrs. Ensley and Miss Walker noticed with pleasure the greater harmony among their pupils, and remarked,

"How true it is a little leaven leaveneth the whole. Ida Bowman shows us this by almost unconsciously scattering about her good seeds that are beginning to bear rich fruits."

And thus the new scholar proved a blessing and example to them all by her sweet, gentle Christian ways.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HOW THE PRAYER-MEETING WAS STARTED.

"But, Auntie, do you really mean that you think I ought to start a boys' prayer-meeting? Why, they'd all laugh at the idea of seeing me, the most mischievous boy in school, in one, and if I were to start one they would all be sure to go just to see what new tricks I was up to."

"No, Dick, I did not say that. In fact, I am not sure that it would be the best thing. What I want is to see you ready to stand up for your colors, not afraid of anything the other boys may say or do. If the Lord wants you to start a prayer-meeting, He Himself will tell you so, and will give you the needed strength. It seems to me your work just now is to get rid of the reputation of 'the most mischievous boy in school.'"

Dick Eastman, aged fourteen, had lived with "Aunty Madge" ever since he could remember, for his parents had been killed in a railway accident when he was a mere baby, and his aunt had undertaken the care of him. Naturally fond of fun, he was a recognized leader in pranks, and much mischief that did not belong there was laid at his door just on account of his reputation. On the evening of which I write he had gone as Aunt Madge's escort to the church prayer-meeting. An evangelist, passing through the town, had consented to lead the meeting, and through that one service many souls were led to Christ. After he had finished his talk he asked all those who had decided to lead a Christian life to stand up. Among others, our friend Dick arose. This was what he and his aunt were talking about when he asked the question that heads our story.

Long after he was in bed that night he lay awake thinking it all over and wishing, oh! so much, that some of the other boys might feel the peace he felt, and that they could have a little prayer-meeting. Yet it would be very hard, he thought, to tell them about the change in himself. When he fell asleep it was with the decision that he would try to play no more unkind tricks, and that he would do just what he felt the Lord wished him to about the other matter. For had not "Aunty Madge" said He would give the strength? And didn't she know?

The next morning on his way to school Dick met his two special friends a little before they passed the house where lame Herbert White, the oldest and brightest boy in school, lived. Herbert was rather reserved in his ways, and on account of his deformity could not often mingle with the others in their sports. Consequently, he was by no means a favorite. He was so fine a scholar, however, that they all had great respect for him.

As the boys passed his gate they saw one end of his crutch sticking through the fence, but he was not in sight. The other two wanted to pull it out and hide it, for then Herbert would have to hunt for it, probably a long time, and would be late for school, perhaps would not go at all. Wouldn't it be fine to have the best scholar, the one who was always held up as their example, reproved? Dick refused. The other two looked at him, and were about to ask the reason, but just then more of their friends came along and the question was dropped.

At recess, with all the boys around, one of the two exclaimed: "I say, Dick, why under the sun wouldn't you do that this morning? You know what I mean."

Dick, with heightened color, was about to explain when Herbert White hobbled up to him, and with one hand on his shoulder, said in a clear voice: "Yes, and I know, too; perhaps I can answer as well as he. This morning as I was in the garden, three boys, one of whom was Dick, passed by. My crutch had slipped from my hand and was lying in plain sight. The other two wanted to hide it, but Dick refused to have anything to do with such an act, and I shall tell you why, for I am certain he wants to have it known. Last evening he and I were the only boys from this school who went out to meeting. He stood up and said he was going to be a Christian. I wanted to do so too, but I thought I'd wait to see if it made any difference in his school life. It has changed him already, and now that I see there is something in religion, I am going to be a Christian, too."

The room was perfectly still for two or three minutes. Then the boy who had suggested hiding Herbert's crutch said: 'We have fifteen minutes; can't we boys have a prayer-meeting right here? Herbert, will you lead? First let me say that I was one of the two, and that I am very sorry for my thoughtlessness."

Herbert commenced, and there were very few who had not taken part when the bell rang and the teacher entered the room. Every week since those boys have had their meeting. Some of them have come to Christ and others are seriously thinking about giving themselves to Him.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *British Medical Journal* relates a curious case of a man who was suffering from the gases formed by imperfect indigestion, and whose breath took fire, with an explosion, when he was attempting to blow out a lucifer. The medical narrator adds that he sent to the patient a prescription from which alcohol was excluded. Doubt has been cast on the cases of alcoholic combustion of the body, but if the body can give forth gases which burn during life, there is nothing incredible in the fact that, life being absent, the body should be the victim of internal combustion which there is nothing to extinguish. In the case above referred to, the lips were burnt, though the fire went out at once. Perhaps those who find an argument for alcohol because of its alleged occasional formation in the stomach will give inflammable gas the benefit of their commendation.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL, located in Chicago, is filled with patients. In no case has alcohol been used, and the death-rate has been much lower than in other hospitals in the city.

Question Corner.—No. 20.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

1. He was a Jewish nobleman.
2. He lived to the east of Jordan.
3. He took pity on a king in distress.
4. He refused all reward for his generosity.
5. He made his age a reason for not going to the king's court.
6. He allowed his son to take the honor due him.
7. His kindness was remembered by the king even in the hour of death.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who asked "Who can tell if God will turn and repent?"
2. Where is the expression used, "I will put upon you none other burden?"
3. Where is the prophecy, "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down saith the Lord?"
4. Who says, "We have watched for a nation that could not save us?"
5. Who lamented "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth?"

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 19.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

JAEL.—NAIL.—Judges iv. 21.

1. J-onatha-n	. . . . .	2. Sam. i. 23.
2. A-un-s	. . . . .	Luke ii. 36.
3. E-l-i	. . . . .	1 Sam. iv. 18.
4. L-emue-l	. . . . .	Proverbs xxxi. 1.

CALEB AND RAHAB.—Num. xiv. 38; Josh. ii. 3.

1. C-heba-r	. . . . .	Ezek. x. 15.
2. A-lexandri-a	. . . . .	Acts xviii. 24.
3. L-ibnu-h	. . . . .	Isaiah xxxvii. 8.
4. E-lish-a	. . . . .	1 Kings xix. 16.
5. B-aal-zebu-b	. . . . .	2 Kings i. 2.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Job. i; 15-17.
2. 2 Sam., 23; 1-3.
3. 1 Chron., 4; 10.
4. 1 Chron., 4; 10.

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